

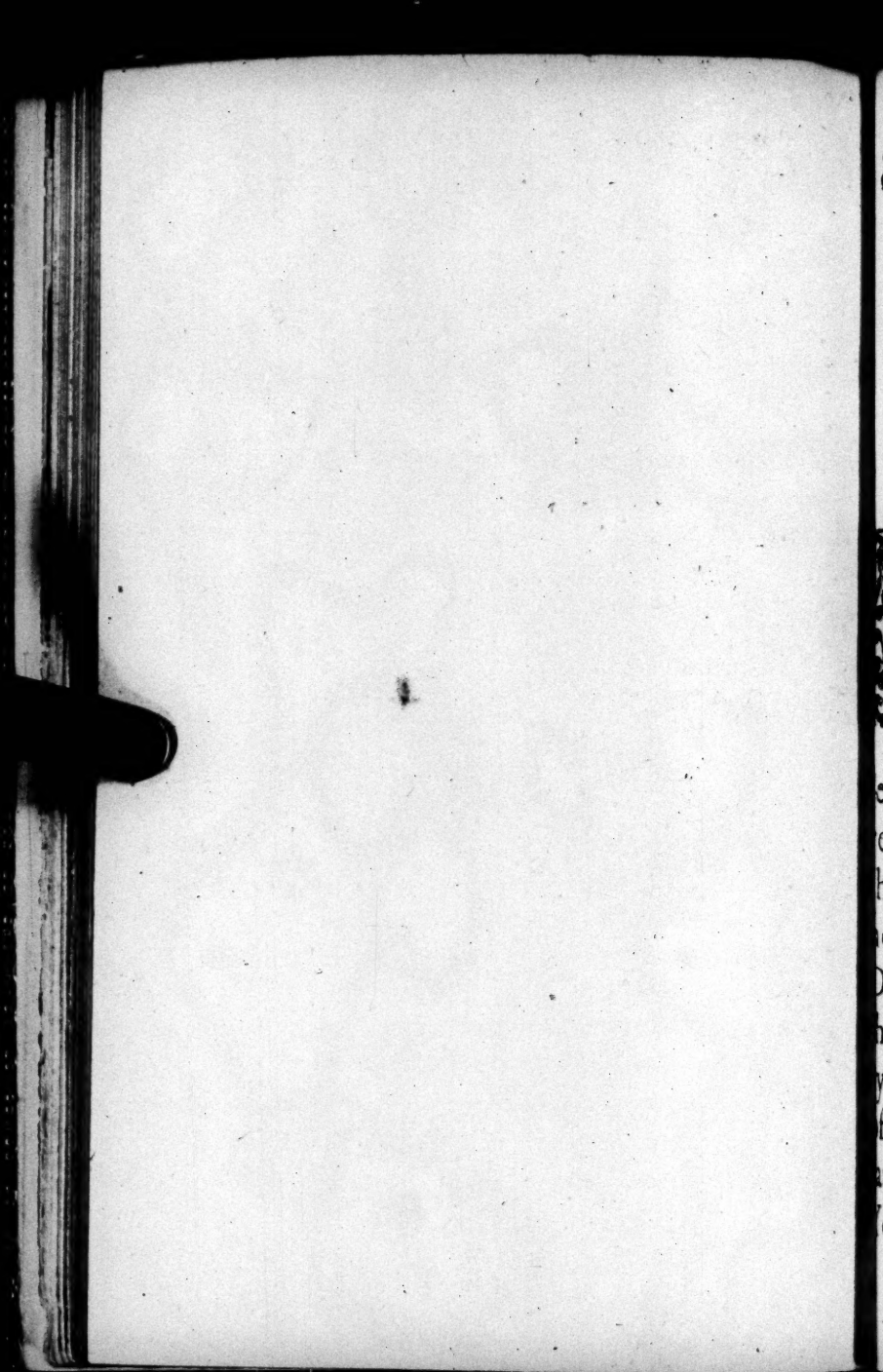
HUGO GROTIUS
HIS
Consolatory ORATION
TO HIS
FATHER.

*Translated out of the Latine Verse,
and Prose.*

With EPITAPHS &c.

By F: G.

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To His
Honoured Friend and Kinsman,
ARTHUR HERRIS
Of *Lincolnes Inne*, Esq;

Sir,



He happinesse, that *Iacob* had,
to find *Ioseph* againe, and in
so glorious a condition;
may not unfitly be fancied
a Type of having our deca-
ed children restored to us at the Resur-
rection. Every good Christian Parent
therefore may be comforted with this
hope: to which I here adde a Consolatory
Discourse, made in his younger yeares, by
he (even then) learned *Grotius*. I am sor-
ry I have so seasonable and sad occasion
of applying it to your selfe, who have
ately lost a beloved, and only Daughter.
Your *Dudley Herris* had in her life-time

some acquaintance with my *Sophompeas*, and a desire to have seen Him in Publique. But her chaste and pious soule (whose Lamp was so well trimm'd with oyle of Spirituall Graces) is gone to mee the Heavenly Bridegroom; and the door are now shut against any mixture of Earthly Cogitations. Neverthelesse, may her Name and Memory, if these my papers have a Genius, live here in Them and (thus at least) may she still dwe with

Your affectionate
Cousin & Servant,

Francis Goldsmith



HUGO GROTIUS

HIS

Consolatory Oration to his Father,

Upon the death of his Brother

FRANCIS.



Youth's sad obsequies, our Colledge Hall
In mourning pompe, thy solemn funeral
I saw, O Brother. I thee, this last one
Office I could, of blood & love have done.
I and a child chiefe-mourners were, but he
A child, and therein happy did not see

The fiery feaver raging in each veine,
And frantick fits of thy distemper'd brain.
For when he did thy breathless limbs and cold,
And thy so much chang'd eyes and face behold,
Hept he; nor did perceive his Brother gone.
For, when the bell rung out and sadly on
The bier thy corps were laid, did he forgoe
A child's prerogative, grieve not to know.

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*But when thy body was put in the ground,
And from our eyes quite hid, O then he found
A loss so manifest, from his young yeeres
His Brother to be seen no more drew teares.
Nor did, about the grave, the company
There standing round their teares and sighs deny,
When a childs cheeks were wet : the force was such,
It did even strangers hearts with pity touch.*

At this funerall, I say, I with our little *William* was chiefe mourner. And who, then I, had better right? For if in mourning we weigh the losse of friendship, my parents degree of inequality, my sisters sex; my brothers tender age kept them at a greater distance from the deceased. But I joyn'd unto him in an equall familiarity of kindred, how little wanted I of being a twin with him! The same studies too gave occasion of mutuall offices. And hee might even in this respect bee no lesse deare unto me, then in that he was a brother. I say thus least, when I comfort you, you may think, a sound man gives counsell to a sick. You have one a partner with you in sorrow; yea who contends in mourning, and yet is bold not only to comfort himselfe, but to communicate unto others the experiment of that, which hee hath found to be good against his own griefe. First therefore let me see, whether I ought not to fear, least I may rub a wound too fresh, and as yet not clos'd up with a scarre whilest I run to apply over-hasty remedies. I suppose not. For I speake both unto a man, and a father, whose the very custome of our Country forbids to prolong his mourning beyond the buriall. Surely parents have not so great cause, as the common people thinke, to grieve as not to grieve; and even in this, that they have begot

To his Father.

ten Children, finde comfort. It was much, but it came from nature, of him, who said : *I knew I had begot a mortall.* Wee deceive our selves, if wee doe not daily thinke, that they shall not alwaies be, who without us had never been. See how great the perverseness of mans disposition is. To lacke children is not grievous, but to those who have had them. And yet Bachelors are no lesse childlesse then others ; but they mourne not. Why then should wee not lo'e without teares what without teares wee could have wanted ? Many are the pleas for vice ; and not only covetousness, and ambition, and luxury come under this name, but also excessive and unreasonable griefe : I could have wish'd he had surviv'd me according to the course of Nature ; I grieve that having had prooffe of his piety, I might no longer use and enjoy it : I have lost him, whose helpe might have bin both to the service of his Countrey, and comfort of my selfe. These are the words of them that favour their own misery, this is wittie calamity.

*Apples downfall, and the surviving Tree
Doth her dead fruit, but with a dry bark see.
Nor is unhappy call'd, that she lives then.
False arguments of griefe please wretched men.
Whose eyes in teares, at his sons death, shall swim,
He weeps because his son weeps not for him.*

You have lost a good sonne : It is better then to have had an ill. You have lost your paines in his education : I may object unto you a recompence of joy, which you tooke in his towardnesse. But this also is now gone, and it troubles you. If you be wise, account it gaine

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that you have had it, rather then dammage that you have lost it. You are sure of the fruit of a past good : this can neither be taken away, nor cease at any time ; and is onely beyond the envy of fate. It is not the part of the same man, to grieve that it hath not besalne him long, yet not to rejoyce, that it hath happen'd at all. See therefore, how much happier you are then those who never had a sonne, and yet they mourne not. But if wee account children goods, and certainly they are the chiefest, it is better not to have had them long, then never. For, even when they are taken from us, the remembrance of them remaines still ; a great delight to a gratefull minde. You see then, parents have very little cause to grieve, if wee weigh grieve not according to the vulgar opinion, but right reason : Besides, that the majesty of a parents authority, and that sacred dominion of nature unbecommingly stoopes so low, as to bewaile him dead, of whose life your selfe were the author ; and to submit your passions to him, whose passions you are commanded to rule over. Have a care, you do nothing misbecoming the high dignity of a parents name, in which God and Nature have plac'd you ; and yet upon her wee list to lay the fault of our impatience : neither is any defence so ready, even of womanish lamentation, as that it proceeds from Nature. But we are guilty of manifest calumny, in imputing our crime to her. We all give way to grieve, yea most of us enforce it ; so pleasing it is, then which yet nothing is more unpleasing. No man is more miserable then hee thinks himself ; and grieve no lesse, then other things, is upheld by opinion. We deserve therefore to be oppress'd with grieve, if we will not suppress it.

To his Father.

The lowing dam her lost calfe to lament
Is heard; yet her dumbe grieve's in one day spent.
Nor the swift Mare, through woods and fields to run,
Tossing her main, is seen by next daies sun,
Though of her foal bereav'd. When the wild Bear
Rob'd of her whelps goes ranging every where
Through pathlesse desarts; oft comes back again,
And her forsaken den sees oft in vain,
Her grieve and rage with the first night is gone.
About her empty nest a bird make moan
I have beheld, and oft her young brood call,
Yet to her wonted flights again soon fall.
Only man hugs his woe, his sorrow he
Provokes by favouring: our selves wretched we
By thinking make: yet grieve not all men finds
Alike, nor equall sway holds in our minds.
In them, who know least, it takes up most room:
The barbarous Queen with a stupendious Tomb
Fondly to honour her dead spouse contrives,
Whilest of her selfe a maim'd part she survives.
Not so those Nations by right reason taught,
Whose hearts with truth are and Religion fraught.
Women their bosomes beat with their weak armes:
And with their fists give sorrow fresh alarms:
Mothers their bare breasts tear, in showres their eies
Dissolve; they tremble with astonisht cries.
Griefe is more staid in men: this difference
The sex makes, take at Nature no offence,
Who under the same law all people keeps.
Then length of Time dries up the eye that weeps,
Nature yeelds not to Time. If longer day
Can make a quiet mind, scorn thou delay:

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*A wise man's his owne Time ; shall grieve be quell'd
Against my will, and I to joy compell'd?*

Among those reasons which dissuade from lamenting for the dead, this is even a chiefe, that wee must forbear a grieve which is in vaine, which may adde us to them, cannot bring back them to us. Let that sorrow cease, which if it cease not, nothing availes. Wee shall sooner want teares then matter for teares, which this Universe continually suggests : and whereas therefore nothing ought to be more precious, nor are they rashly to be shed, of which there is so much use : on the contrary, we are of nothing so prodigall ; and indeed, when wee have least cause. Many are the evils which surprize a man unawares. But, then the death of him and his, nothing is more certain. We must not weep for that done, which, that it would come to passe, we were not ignorant of. What do the so frequent sounds of passing bells signifie, but that no body is Natures favourite ? Others mischances daily admonish us, that they are common : and yet when so many funeralls passe before our eyes, when we follow so many to buriall, we dare begin hopes of long life ; as if priviledg'd from that æternall law, and not plac'd in the same slippery condition with the whole world. And hence it is, that these strokes more hurt us, because they are lesse foreseen. Why cease we not then to complaine of the iniquity of fate, who know well enough that some are daily stricken, but that all are aim'd at ? If, as wee ought, we did often think on what we alwaies see, the force of present evils would be abated, whilest wee consider future. What marvaile is it that he is dead, whom so many have gone before, and all shall follow ? I could here
bring

To his Father.

bring in many examples of them, and indeed of great personages, who have lost their Children : but in this empire of fortune it would bee a much harder taske to find out a House or Family not remarkable for some affliction, or that hath stood entire and unshaken to the end. I find also that the Ancients have used this kind of consolation ; that wee go the way of all the world, and of the Nature of things : That nothing is æternall. That all things are born on this condition, that whatsoever had a beginning, must have an ending : and that one family cannot without impotent arrogancy thinke to escape from that ruine which the whole world expects. That whatsoever we call miracles, even most famous Cities which yet are longer liv'd then men, have perished. This indeed is something, not to bee willing to challenge privately to himselfe a grieffe, whose cause is publique ; and to submit his sorrow to common mortality : but we have far greater comforts given us in the *Souls immortality*, which we attaine by an assured faith. He is not taken away from us, but taken againe by God, whom he had granted us during his owne pleasure, and did but lend him. Your son had one, whose he was more then yours. God gave you him to bring up, not a free-hold in him. Restore what was committed to your trust : you know how the bargaine was : there was a condition, that, when it seem'd good unto him, you should surrender him : nor were you to have the use of him, untill you were satisfied, but during his divine determination. A good Householder hath that money alwaies ready, for the payment of which no certain day was set. What debtor is so ingratfull as to raise on his creditor, and take it ill he may have no longer use of what was lent upon courtlesie, and on no other condition

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dition then that it should at length returne, whence it came? Which I say also, least your griefe find this starting hole, that he is not at a more mature age demanded of you. He requires him not too soon, who might have not given him at all: and if we look upon him you mourn for, it skils not how long he liv'd, but how well. Now of that matter we are witnesses. Hee must needs have liv'd well, who dies so. He must needs die well, who liv'd so. We all count others yeares, whereas we should take thankfully what are given us, and not looke upon those, which appertaine not to us. Hee might have liv'd longer. No, he could not. This was his old age. Onely so many yeeres he had: More hee receiv'd not: Why complaine wee? It is our fault, who are never content with time past, and reckon but upon the present, that is, a moment. It is all one at this day, to have liv'd your yeeres about fifty and his of eighteen. If we regard the swiftnesse of time, no man lives long, if the misery, none but lives too long. That this life is a pilgrimage, even the Philosphers have taught; Let us gratulate him, who hath been shew'd a shorter way to his journies end.

In Thrace, by the sea shoar, a creature lives,
** (Old History such information gives,*
And bath these wonders put in her Records,)
Which on its birth day dies. Nature affords
But one daies life; which with the morning light
Begins, the day-star chasing away Night.
And when the Sun bath halfe-way Westward gone,
The Beast of middle age is, but old grown,
When Day as yet not fully gives Night place;
Thou short the course is, thus ends the swift race.

Now

To his Father.

*Now could what in the morning dies have spoke,
It might complaine, lifes thred was too soon broke.
That, which at midday death shall overtake,
Would grudgingly crosse o're the Stygian Lake.
But what in th' evening dies, more willingnesse
Perhaps might shew, and its old age confesse.
Not that twelve houres so great a number are,
But that our selves with others we compare.
The Raven. give her no more yeers then man,
Would cry, her Ell was shortned to a Span.
We, never pleas'd at home, are looking on
Our neighbour : were none happy, wretched none
Will think himsele. It would great wisdom be,
What others have, as not our own, to see.*

Who knowes from what evill that provident Parent hath withdrawne your sonne? How quite contrary to the hopes, which they had rais'd, hath the disposition of many been perverted ! how many vices are abroad at this day, what corruptions ! Although God forbid I should make this augury of him, yet we may bee glad, that he is not onely past danger, but beyond fear. Hee had his, almost daily, tormentor, the Collicke ; which not content alwaies to torture, would at length have kil'd him. If he had gone with the army, what hazards had he been liable to ! A wise saying was that of *Syrus* : *What may happen to one man, may happen to every one*. Imagine before your eyes mayn'd men and buried already in a part of them ; the butchery of Chirur-gions, who picke the bones of the living : all which who would not abhor worse then death ? But let us suppose the least. Yet he had dyed far from the sight of his most deare mother. We should neither have heard
of

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of his sicknesse, nor of his death : wee could not have prepar'd our hearts for the losse : nor have bin a helpe or a comfort to him. We should have doubted still, with what minde he took his death, which I suppose to bee a chiefe matter. These are the evils, which our first thoughts suggest to us : But we are sottishly ignorant, if not yet taught even by our own example, how many, and much more grievous those evils be, which come upon us not so much as dreaming on them. Many, Father, many discommodities is he delivered from by a timely death ; and if from no other, certainly from old age. See this also, how many comforts his very death may afford you : He died in a slippery age ; and not of a sudden, but slow disease, so, that for a long while hee might perceive himselfe to die : Which you perhaps may think a part of his misery, I, of his felicity : Especially whereas the pain was not extreme. For so it comes to passe, that not only the body it selfe is tam'd, but also by how much it decays, so much the soul improves ; there follows a loathing of life, and a desire of eternall happiness. Would to God you indeed had seen him, and heard, with how great a fortitude he did challenge death. The despairing of that health, which we wish'd him, made him to be assur'd of a better. I will say more : God hath call'd him to himselfe not without a miracle. Hee was taken with a frenzy, and the contagion of his sick bodie had also infected his minde. Yet as often as hee was admonish'd of death, salvation, God, as if this only concern'd him, hee so answer'd, as that in every word hee shew'd a good understanding. But of the things of this present life he was nothing at all sensible. O unhappy we if good health had in this case surpriz'd him ! Yet once there did appeare I know not what hope thereof ;
which,

To his Father.

which, as you confesse, doth the more trouble you. Surely God made made an experiment in him, whether so indeed he would still be out of love with life. But the pious youth submitted himselfe wholly to his will, being prepar'd on either side. How great a benefit is it, that God hath called us to be witnesse the cof! that we saw him blaming the delay of death, and with an unconquered breast proclaiming as it were this very Verse :

I've liv'd, and run the race, which God me gave.

But death it selfe, you will say, is grievous ; and that of the Antients not altogether true : That it is naturall, and therefore not painefull. First, whatsoever it is, it is now past. Hee seeks for sorrow where it is not, who grieves that *his* have bin miserable : Nothing is more agreeable unto Nature, then to rejoyce at the end of evill. But what ? What if to die be indeed no evill ? And this hath been believ'd even by the Philosophers. We Christians go further, and dare with *Paul* to say : *I desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ*. This is the onely gate to eternall life : This is that, over which He the first fruits of the dead hath triumphed ; we therefore hear the Apostle to contemn his sting. For our healths sake wee take poyson in potions, and what soever else is loathsome to nature : what should we not undergo to enjoy a perpetuall and unchangeable health ? Valiantly then, valiantly let us endure, both death and the losse of our friends ! Christians have no colour for mourning, unlesse that wee mourne for our selves, who have lost, yea rather who have but sent them before us. And how foule and misbecomming is this very sorrow ! Who is he, that is so much a selfe-seeker, and so envious of his friends happiness,

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nesse, as to call back them, who are blessed, to take part with him in misery? If you would do any thing for your sons sake, if there be any respect to bee had to his gholt, do what you think hee would have you doe, if hee hath any care at all of humane affaires. Surely hee would take it ill, you should bee afflicted for his sake, who being plac'd above the mockeries of fortune, looks down from aloft on the businesse of mortals.

*Him wondring at his glorious house of Rest,
Heaven holds for ever: no more now oppress
With publique, nor with private sorrow, he
From hopes and fears, from sin and pain is free.
Who fil'd with true light smiles at mists below,
And that but empty names of things we know.*

And thus much indeed I have said in generall, There are also very many other reasons you may suggest unto your selfe in private. See *Sulpitius* writing to *Tully*: “Thinke in what manner hitherto fortune hath dealt
“with us: that those things are taken away from us,
“which ought unto men to be no less dear then children. Adde but this one evill, and how can grieve bee raised higher? or what mind exercis'd in these calamities ought not to grow insensible, and to esteem more lightly of all things?

*So many miseries are lost, if we
Are not by suffering hardned, nor to be
Wretched yet learn. Hence also comes relieve,
'Tis good to have been familiar with grieve.*



An Epitaph
ON
M^{rs} DUDLEY HERRIS.

W *Hose Mind was, than her face, more fair,
Though both were good; her Fathers heir;
And (for which men should choose a wife)
Of a devout and harmelesse life :
A Virgin hath us left in woe,
The Lamb, where-ever he shall go,
To follow : let us then no more
Say, she is lost, but gone before.*

K

ON